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WILKIE COLLINS.

WILKIE COLLINS died in London this morning; another strong figure vanishes from the ranks of fiction writers. The savor of his writings, like that of his character, was and is that of unadorned, wrought, in a diction clean and clear, the material of a world imagination and rare observation. His work was pervaded by a thorough knowledge of human motives and governed by a vivid appreciation of dramatic strength.

His fidelity to the duty which authorship imposes made him an eager toiler in letters, even when bodily infirmity had put its touch upon him. The final chapters of his last story, "Blind Love"—written for THE WORLD—were read to him at his earnest request upon his death bed. He finished his course. Suffering cried halt, but his restless mind stayed not. He was true to his priestship until Death's self took the pen softly from his tired fingers.

He built his own monument, not so lofty, not so brilliant maybe as those of some who have taken of the labor and delights of story making, but yet a firm one, at which real flesh-and-blood men and women who read his books will leave the tribute of their gratitude and admiration.

SAVE CENTRAL PARK.

Even the sanction given by a site committee will not establish in popular favor the proposition to seize upon Central Park, or any portion of it, for the purposes of a world's fair. The total lack of necessity for such infringement makes the scheme savor of something akin to vandalism.

The other two parks included in the Committee's plan offer ample room for the Exposition, and adjacent to them is an almost unlimited area of uncultivated land, the utilization of which would do away with every shadow of excuse for defacing the beautiful north entrance to Central Park.

There seems a determination in certain quarters to push to execution the plan of devastation, but the popular voice is not in favor of it. Central Park, in its beauty, is the product of a great many years of painstaking and liberality on the part of the people. To turn it now into a fair ground, to tear away its woods and near its greenways with buildings and booths, would be to do an injury that years could not repair. The Park is the people's possession and one of their richest ones. They should not surrender it when there is no shadow of excuse.

AMATEURS.

MALCOLM W. FORD, in a challenge to A. A. JORDAN to contest the all-around athletic championship for \$500 a side, says:

If the competition came off between Mr. Jordan and myself, and money was publicly stated, we would, according to the rules of the Amateur Athletic Association of Great Britain, both become professionals. If Mr. JORDAN really wishes a match, under conditions which he originally stipulated, plenty of ways can be devised of his being guaranteed the prize should he win without making a public display of funds.

In that sentence, more the pity, lies the keynote of the so-called "amateur" athletics of these days. These men are accredited to reputable amateur athletic organizations which are composed of gentlemen, and which profess to indorse the rules against professionalism in amateur contests. How thoroughly the professions of these associations will be belied if they countenance such a performance as Mr. MALCOLM FORD—champion "of amateurs"—proposes, is plain enough.

There has been loud complaint of late from believers in amateur athletics that most flagrant violations of the amateur code were committed by the foremost of the so-called "amateur" associations, and that the amateur did not exist outside of a few colleges. Let us see if this is true.

What sort of a "way" will be "devised" to transfer this stake, now?

BOULANGER'S LEVEL HEAD.

BOULANGER may be a charlatan, but he brings a deal of common sense to the business. A newspaper correspondent who called upon him in London at midnight, while yet the ballots were being counted in France, learned that the General had gone to bed.

What would not many Americans who play at this same grand game of politics give for so splendid a fatalism, so complete a reconciliation to whatever may befall? On the night of last Fall's Presidential election, BEN HARRISON, shaking with nervousness, smiling and weeping alternately, sat in his office, with his law partner and a telegraph operator, until, long after midnight, when they told him his cause had triumphed.

Such men as BOULANGER have more lives than a cat. France has not yet done with the "brave" General.

Dr. TALMAGE comes home with wondrous memories of the grandeur of the Yellowstone. But he has omitted from his glowing

description of the Yellowstone scenery all mention of Judge BOOKSTAVEN in his great role of "the absentee."

Milwaukee's City Physician offered the Mayor \$25 if he would audit a bill for \$75 for services. The Mayor wiped up the floor with the doctor, and then advised him to "heal himself." The next braggart who makes an offer to the Mayor of Milwaukee will offer him the whole amount.

The amateur tramp is just beginning his rambles in this crisp weather. The professional tramp is preparing to cease from his walks, and is busy selecting a good, comfortable jail to get him off laid up in for the winter.

The city churches reopened yesterday for the season. The air was filled with sacred music. Fall overcoats and the garments of grace seem to be doctored simultaneously.

WILLIAM M. BURN, ex-Governor of Idaho, is mentioned as TANNER's successor. The office may not take the BURN, but its latest occupant did, and no mistake.

FANCIES.

When the King of Greece and his family left Copenhagen for Vienna yesterday, the Danish royalties went along to the railway depot and waved them good-byes just like every-day folks.

Here's some news for fresh explorers. Salt brines have been discovered in the interior of Africa.

Mr. Carr, of St. Paul, after he escaped from a lunatic asylum felt the need of ready money. So he slipped into a bank, and making out a check for \$1,000,000 passed it to the cashier. He is back now.

The Tribune is entitled to the prize. It prints to-day that a half-starved dog entered a gentleman's house at Mount Vernon, where he was fed, and that the dog returned the next day with a one-dollar bill to pay for the meal. Next!

Oh, now the tap-colored shoe. Of Sister Lou, containing the books and slates. Of Brother Johnny. —Chicago Daily News.

Religion sometimes drives people to do the unexpected. Ben Lenard, of South Carolina, has just been found guilty of killing his wife because she objected to his joining the church.

Justice Taintor addressed the Young Men's Christian Association yesterday on the ways of leading a pure and holy life. He is practicing for the next Board meeting of Police Justices?

It is said that the reason a duke wears a single earring is because he can see more with one eye, and that he can possibly understand. —Louisville Western Recorder.

The Louisville Post says it is somewhat hard for an outside barbarian to understand why "Colonels" are so plentiful in Kentucky. Well, rather.

Supt. Murray is reported as saying that New York is the most moral city on the face of the globe. Hurray for the Superintendent.

John L. will open the campaign to-night at a Brooklyn rink. Then he will open the champagne at the nearest place where it is obtainable, and everybody in the place will have to drink or light.

P. S.—They will all drink—including John.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

Alderman Patrick Divver will be the Tammany Hall candidate for Senator in the Fifth Senate District. This means that there will be no union so far as this particular district is concerned. For Col. Michael C. Murphy will undoubtedly ask his County Democracy brethren to return him to the halls of legislation.

United States Senator George Hearst has recovered from his attack of rheumatism sufficiently to be able to enjoy his favorite sport, racing.

Assistant Corporation Counsel James J. Martin is a candidate for the chairmanship of the convention of literary societies soon to be held in this city. Mr. Martin is a member of the New York Literary Union.

Bernhard Wolf, one of the most prominent Hebrew Republicans of the Eighth Assembly District, is indignant. He, as well as all the members of his Association, were incontinently swept from the roll of the Republican party by the disorganization committee sent into that district by the reformers of the party. If threatened anything, the letter which he sends to "The Evening World" on this subject indicates that the Republican candidates will hereafter get very few of the thousands of the German and Polish votes cast in that district.

Terrence O'Brien has left the Corporation Counsel's office, where he was engaged as an examiner, to perform similar service for the Manhattan Elevated Railway Company.

Miss Viola Allen rushes down Broadway as though she were in a perpetual and tumultuous hurry. She dresses very tastefully, though with some eccentricity. She is the daughter of Leslie Allen, the actor.

Low Dockstader is a dapper, smiling little man on Broadway. He is faultlessly attired, and even a long slice "on the road" fails to make him unrecognizable. Dockstader always has a funny story to tell.

Little Miss Alice Haines is a midwife in the street. She is very dissatisfied with her height and was recently photographed standing on a brick, in order that she might impress the different managers more favorably.

Gimmore Scott is invariably mistaken for "some other fellow," generally the manager of the Academy of Music, in Richmond. Mr. Scott affects pink cuffs and blue collars. His collection of neckties is astonishing.

WORLDLINGS.

President Carnot, of France, is said to be very fond of Americans and greatly interested in America. He takes every occasion that presents itself to learn something about the thriving Republic of the West.

Mrs. Elizabeth Perkins, who died in Louisville a few days ago, at the age of ninety-two years, was a grandniece of Daniel Boone, and possessed a number of valuable papers that belonged to the pioneer Kentuckian.

The late Capt. John Tobin, of Kansas City, was the last of the pioneers who found a pathway for the Union Pacific Railroad. He was a member of Lieut. Gunnison's expedition, and it is said that during his career on the plains he has saved not fewer than 700 lives.

The cottage at Mount McGregor, in which Gen. Grant passed his last hours, is kept just as it was when he died.

CHILDREN subject to diarrhoea and dysentery cured by MORRIS' TEething Corns. Price 30 cents.

WHIMS OF WOMAN.

Mrs. August Belmont, Jr., has parasolets, sunshades and umbrellas added to stock a showcase. The last addition to her collection is an entente shade, designed for sun and storm, covered with cardinal taffeta silk and mounted on a slender stick of particle wood. The handle of etched silver represents a bell flower, the top of which flies open by pressing a secret spring, revealing a most ingeniously contrived powder-box. The receptacle is gold lined and the dainty little puff has a ball of the same metal for a handle.

If your best girl is anything of a needle-painter there is a sewing-case on the market that will surely please her to account, that is if you don't mind trifling away \$60. The case of ivory is similar in size and shape to a vest-pocket cigar-holder. It opens on the side by means of a gold clasp and is completely finished hinges, and there you have a valuable, needle-case, a book and a pair of scissors, all of solid gold but the blades of the scissors and bookkin.

In deference to the Chinese Court which Minister and Mrs. Tsau-Kuo-Yan will hold in Washington during the next three years society will put rings on her thumbs and bracelets about her ankles.

Bouillon cakes have been the curse of the pastry cooks. Society does not order a loaf cake a month. Fruit cake to be sure is a staple article, but jelly, cream and chocolate layers, marble loaves and cakes of almond, citron, spice and lemon flavor are as stale and as starchy for gotten as Johnny cakes and ginger snaps. The bouillon well at 60 cents a pound. They are not much larger than marshmallows. All the fruit flavors and all the flower tints are reproduced, and for wine or dessert they haven't a rival. You can have them packed in a tin box between sheets of oiled paper, in which snugness they will keep soft and toothsome for a fortnight.

Melon sandwiches are made with a slice of well frozen ice-cream, cut from a brick mould and placed between thin slices of watermelon. On a yellow or white porcelain plate the effect is very pleasing. Not infrequently it is maddening to the unwary guest who applying his fork at the top crust sends the slippery crimson thing over the ice and across the table.

Feather, fern and palm patterns of brocade silk that fashion will time, dance and pose in this winter vary in price from \$1.50 to \$125 a yard.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

C. H. Sherrill, the famous sprinter, is wonderfully quick at "getting away." He "beats the pistol" nine times out of ten.

W. R. Burkhardt, the three-mile walker, continues his pace through the distance with the steadiness of a clock and staying power of an engine.

Hoffmeyer is the somewhat inharmonious surname of the Yale football team's center-rusher. He is a member of the Sophomore Class, and takes a leading part in all that the class undertakes. He is a giant in stature.

George Bradish is the captain of the New York Athletic Club's team. Unfortunately, his business duties prevent him from giving as much time to athletics as he would like. There are some events in which he could make it lively for other competitors had he the time to train for them.

Thomas Clark, Jr., who has just resigned from the Presidency of the Brooklyn Athletic Association, did so very much against the wishes of other members of the Association. His health compelled him to take this step.

The Secretary of the Scottish-American Athletic Club is Joseph Young. Mr. Young's chief characteristic is industry, a few of his others being cordiality, geniality and a devotion to his Club's welfare.

STOLEN RHYMES.

The Trievie Girl. Light as the foam on the crest of the billow, Hurrying over the street, Spins a fair creature as lithe as the willow, So dainty and sweet.

Many an eye the fair vision will follow, Heads from the watching will reel As she floats on her way with the grace of a swallow. The girl on the wheel. —Washington Capital.

Old Joe's Retrospect. I'm old, an' poor, an' bent up, An' old rheumatism is on the hip, An' all my young days flown away, Like a bird loose from its cage.

Like a bird loose from its cage, An' old times come a-calling, Like a day was a start again, Seem like I see de cabin.

An' hear de ole bell ring, I lub dem ole time greets, Dat come wid close ob day, Seem like we was meetin' In de same ole place.

Seem like I hear de voice, A-comin' to me, "Oh, Joe, de sun's 'n' 'n' riz, De ole heart deen de bell!"

His long time now, de children's grown, Ole mammy's gone befo', An' while I see de ole bell alone, She's singin' in dat do.

Where all dem blessed angels dwell, Ah, but, my child, de ole bell, I doan' keer now for sweet ole bells, A-hearn Hebben's riz.

I lub de big, wide ribber, What never seems to tire, But jus' runs on foreber, So big, an' bright an' gran', I hear de ole bell sing, When de sun's low in de west, An' de rettin' ole weary 'On de steps ob Hebben to rest.' —New Orleans Picayune.

She Has Disappeared. The Summer girl in beauty's pride, No longer climbs the mountain side, In rural lanes or meadows green, No more she beautifies the scene.

Her crimson parasol no more, She haunts the ocean's shore, The rusted shoes are put away, The dress of tulle and ribbon gay.

Vacation past, her triumphs o'er, She is the Summer girl no more, In apron white and cap of lace, She now the restaurant doth grace.

And one may daily hear her there, Shout, "Ham and eggs, chop, roast beef rare!" —Boston Courier.

Bad Place Footprints. [From the New York Weekly.] First Footprint—Where y'leu? Second Footprint—Down in Kentucky. Most starved.

"Ye did?" "Yes, Fust I commenced on drunken men, but I found they hadn't any money, because they'd spent it all; then I begun goin' fer color men, but I found they hadn't any money, or they wouldn't a been sober. Kentucky is no place for hard-workin' gentils like us."

Radically Wrong. [From the New York Weekly.] Painter—I assure you, my dear sir, the portrait of your wife will turn out a speaking likeness. Customer—Speaking? Can't that be altered?

Nervous People Who take Hood's Sarsaparilla earnestly declare: "It gives us complete and permanent control of our nerves." By regulating the digestion it also overcomes dyspepsia and disagreeable feelings in the stomach, cures head ache and heartburn. By its action on the blood impurities are expelled and the whole body is benefited. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. \$1.00 a box. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

LITTLE CHARMERS.

Additional Candidates for "The Evening World's" Beauty Prize.

One Cunning Toddler Has Six Little Toes on His Left Foot.

A Mother Who Will Be Satisfied with Nothing but First Prize.

Many anxious mothers are daily writing to THE EVENING WORLD and asking why the pictures of their babies are not printed. It would be an impossibility to print all as fast as they are received, and these mammaes will have to be a little patient.



EMMA D. GAUDENZ. Emma D. Gaudenz is the first cherub to pose as a candidate to-day, and her mamma writes as follows:

Enclosed please find the picture of my baby. Her name is Emma D. Gaudenz, born in this city April 20, 1888. Her father is A. de Gaudenz, aged thirty-two, and a clerk, and her mother is Zaira Spitzmuller, aged twenty-two. The enclosed picture was taken about July 31 last. Mrs. Charlotte Jacobson, of 52 Sullivan street, will vouch for me. Yours respectfully, Mrs. Zaira de Gaudenz, 12 King Street, New York City.



GLADYS F. GILL. Mrs. Violet Gill, of 52 Charles street, West Hoboken, writes:

This little girl is Gladys Flora Gill, born Nov. 5, 1888, and the picture was taken when six weeks old. Her father is John J. Gill, a bookkeeper, born July 7, 1863. Her mother's maiden name was Violet Fish, born Dec. 23, 1867. Both parents are of Irish descent. Gladys is a very pretty child, and her picture will vouch for the truth of these statements. It is needless to say that we are very proud of her. Yours very truly, Violet Gill.



ELEANOR AND WILLIE GANTZER. The cunning little twins, whose picture appears to-day, were the first two to enter the contest. Their father writes:

Enclosed please find the photograph of our two little babies, Eleanor and Willie, born Dec. 10, 1888. Their father is John J. Gantzer, a clerk, born April 21, 1864, and the mother is S. Jane Hiller, born March 24, 1850. Our residence is 21 Barman street, Brooklyn.

Dr. Davidson, of 12 Front street, Brooklyn, will vouch for the truth of this statement. Truly yours, John J. Gantzer.



JAMES BROWN. Cuddling little James Brown's picture shows that he has six little toes on his left foot. But that doesn't seem to bother the youngster a bit. His mother writes:

I send you the picture of my baby, James Brown. He was born Aug. 10, 1888. His father's name is Joseph Brown, a painter, aged twenty-nine. His mother's name is Mary Brown, aged twenty-five. Both are American born. Vouches, Daniel J. Brown, Mus. Brown, 338 East One Hundred and Fifth street.



THOMAS DUNN. Another proud mother writes:

As you are having a contest for pretty babies, I am writing to send you a picture of my baby boy. He is a blond and has blue eyes and light hair. His name is Thomas E. Dunn, born Nov. 8, 1887. His mother's maiden name is Jennie Woodward, born in England, age twenty-eight years. Her father's name is Thomas E. Dunn.

Dunn, a plumber, born in New York, aged thirty-eight years. Van Fleet will vouch for this. Yours truly, Mrs. J. Dunn, 412 East Eighty-third street, New York City.



HARRIET LAWRENCE HOPKINS. Still another proud mamma writes:

To the Editor: I wish to place my darling among the contestants. She is our only baby. Her name is Harriet Lawrence Hopkins, born at No. 117 East One Hundred and Fourth street, Feb. 15, 1889. Her father's name is Charles Fremont Hopkins, a metal worker, born at Onondaga, N. Y., Oct. 11, 1854. Her mother's name was Kate Irving McLean, born at Detroit, Mich., Oct. 10, 1864.

Baby has light hair, blue eyes and a very clear complexion. Like all mothers, I hope she will stand somewhere among your prize-winners. We refer you to our family doctor, M. Brickmann, corner Ninety-fourth street and Lexington Avenue. Yours, Mrs. C. F. Hopkins, No. 117 East One Hundred and Fourth street, Harlem.



ETTA HAUSER. Little Etta Hauser was born July 9, 1888, in this city. She lives at 105 West Eighty-second street, this city, with her father, Charles E. Hauser, a carpenter, aged twenty-three, and her mother, Henrietta Acker, born Sept. 27, 1869, in Germany. Etta's voucher is Dr. C. E. Young.

Little Marie Gates is an earnest competitor for the first prize, and her mother writes:

In accordance with the terms contained in THE EVENING WORLD of the 14th inst., I herewith enclose the photograph of my daughter, Marie Gates, born June 11, 1888, now aged fifteen months, as a competitor for the double cake prize for "Pretty Babies."



MARIE GATES. Believing her to be the sweetest and cutest little baby in the world, we therefore have no doubt of winning the prize; indeed, were you to select an original you would not hesitate a moment in your decision, but would at once accord her the double cake.

Marie has very many pretty tricks, but she is entered for her beauty only. Name of father and mother, Michael Joseph and Henrietta Komar, aged thirty-five and twenty-five years, respectively. Maiden name of mother, Henrietta Komar. Occupation of father, hotel proprietor. Nativity of parents, Fort Hamilton, L. I. Residence the same. Send along that prize to Yours very truly, Mrs. M. Gates.

GRAND FALL OPENING.

Stern's Large Establishment Crowded With Admiring Spectators.

Stern's fashionable establishment on West Twenty-third street is thronged to-day by visitors to the Fall opening. The goods in all departments are new, and have been selected with the greatest care, with the result that the special dress-making department may be said to be the most complete in the city.

The new hat is the same in shape and material as that worn by the force three years ago. It differs from the latter in color. Hitherto, the Winter felt hat, have been black, but the new ones will be blue.

The new hat is very much lighter than the old one. It differs slightly in shape from the old one, but is a blue and old gold color, with gold accents at the end.

The cork helmet was ingeniously made of four pieces of cork, joined together in a form like the dome of a church, and covered with felt.

Careful experiments were made with both helmets and it was decided that the felt hats were far superior to the cork ones. The new hat is a perfect masterpiece of the third grade, and has been on the force about a twelve-month and got only a thousand dollars a year, and an enthusiastically in favor of buying new helmets.

They have their last Winter's helmets, which are still bright enough to pass muster with the new ones, but they have to be worn, and they are not anxious to buy new hats.

They fear they cannot use their old helmets for anything except hanging baskets or cat-cats. It is, however, true, that they will be allowed to wear their old helmets after dark—that is, they will be permitted to wear them at night patrol.

Marie's voucher is Richard Keogh, of Fort Hamilton.

THE PRIZES.

FIRST PRIZE—A Golden Double Eagle (\$20) to the prettiest baby under two years in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken or Long Island City.

SECOND PRIZE—A Golden Eagle (\$10) to the prettiest baby in the five cities of this metropolis.

THIRD PRIZE—A Five-Dollar Gold piece to the prettiest baby who has had two superior in point of baby charms.

The names and addresses of the children must be written on the backs of the photographs for identification.

Conditions. Babies to be eligible for this contest must be two years old or less.

The picture of any baby entering in this contest must be sent to THE EVENING WORLD, together with the name and occupation of the father; the full maiden name of the mother and her residence; the full name of the baby and the date of birth of baby and its father and mother. As the name of some respectable person who will vouch for the truth of the statements.

Letters accompanying an entrance must not exceed 200 words in length and written on one side of the paper only.

If there are two or more pretty babies—so pretty that the judge is unable to decide between them—then the prize shall go to the one of these babies whose picture was first received.

Vandalism.

[From Inter-Venue with Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix in To-Day's Times.] The selection of the finest and most beautiful portion of Central Park as a site for the World's Fair is the first step in an act of vandalism which, if permitted to be consummated, cannot fail to result in irreparable damage to the city of New York and the detriment of its people. There is a disposition on the part of companies, corporations and real estate speculators to destroy all the parks in the city. St. John's Park, which contained a unique collection of American forest trees, would doubt the most complete in the country, was destroyed to make way for the freight depot of the Hudson River Railroad. We see the outcome of this destructive tendency in the Battery Park, and it is even proposed to close completely the City Hall Park, a large part of which has already been disposed of to the United States Government.

THE NEW POLICE HELMETS.

FELT HATS ARE TO SUPERSEDE THE CORK HEAD-PIECES.

The Cork Hats Absorbed Water and Were Very Uncomfortable. The Commissioners Issue an Order for New Hats to Cost \$2.35 Each—Officers That Have Last Year's Helmets Are Complaining.

The metropolitan police are to wear a new style of helmet this Winter, or, rather, they are to return to a former style of helmet.

About three months ago a letter signed



NEW STYLE. OLD STYLE.

"Discussed Patrolman" was received by and printed in THE EVENING WORLD.

This letter was a clear and eloquent indictment of the present cork helmet. It denounced the head-gear for being heavy, though cork is proverbially light, and for having a great capacity for absorbing rain. So many uncomfortable things were said against the cork helmet in the letter that Commissioners McCave and Voorhis called upon the superintendent of the cloth department at Police Headquarters and asked him to make an investigation.

The Superintendent made a report which fairly roasted the cork helmets. He said that the policemen complained that when the helmets got soaking wet they expanded, so as to give the officers the appearance of having "swelled heads."